

MYSTERY OF GREAT MARINE ENGINEER—WHO KILLED DIESEL?

TOUGH LITTLE 'UN—HE MADE RING HISTORY

IT will probably help one to gain a more accurate assessment of relative form in the ring if I occasionally quote an old-timer's views on various champions.

One very tough old warrior, who went to his happy hunting grounds not long ago, was Jem Carney, who, despite a career of many long and hard-fought battles, reached nearly ninety and was as sprightly as many a middle-aged athlete up to within a short time of his demise.

Carney was a native of Birmingham, "where they breed 'em tough," was the way he put it. I used to meet him frequently at big fights and on the racecourse, and he was always good for an interesting yarn, which was a glimpse into the past.

I particularly recall the scorn in his voice when commenting on the so-called champions who used to pick up a small fortune for boxing a few rounds against moderate opponents.

CARNEY belonged to the old school of bare-knuckle fighters, although several of his later contests were fought with gloves. He once showed me a pair of the gloves they used in those days. They were thinner than the ordinary kid gloves of everyday wear, and had no padding whatever. True, they were gloves, but they were not what we now know as boxing-gloves.

In Carney's day the bugbear of the ring was the betting fraternity and the ruffianism attendant on betting at fights.

As often as not, the ring would be broken into and the fight prevented from continuing to its finish by the crowd that was in danger of losing its money. Thus, the mere result as recorded of many fights gives no true indication of the way the fight went.

Carney was a small man physically, but a veritable giant in courage and fighting ability. He was the Jimmy Wilde of his day. He weighed only 8st 12, and was scarcely an inch over 5ft., yet he used to fight heavy-weights, and he always maintained that he was never once genuinely beaten in the whole of his career.

When I mentioned that the records held one defeat recorded against him, he told me that this was when a crooked decision had been given.

He certainly had never been knocked out. "The man wasn't born who could knock me out," was his comment on this, and he added, "I would sooner die than put my hand out." Carney was over thirty years of age when he went to America to fight Jack McAuliffe for the world's light-weight championship.

The men's names had been coupled as the world's two best light-weights for some time before they met, and the match aroused tremendous interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

McAuliffe was not too keen on the match, and he did everything that could be devised to make the Englishman uncomfortable, but Carney made up his mind to make him pay for all when he did get him into the ring. He waited in a strange land four months before he could get any satisfaction. Carney found to his astonishment that American fighters in general and cham-

W. H. MILLIER continues "THE GOLDEN AGE OF BOXING"

pions in particular just made their own terms entirely to suit themselves.

Weighing - in ceremonies were farcical. Whilst he was waiting for McAuliffe to agree to meet him, a fighter named Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, issued a challenge to either Carney or McAuliffe to fight for £500 a side. Carney accepted this challenge, and the fight was fixed at the light-weight poundage of 9st. 7. Mitchell would only agree to weigh-in a week before the fight was due.

After much argument it was eventually agreed that he would weigh-in at 9st. 7 on the Monday and fight on the following Wednesday. By that time, of course, he would be much heavier. Carney, it will be remembered, weighed at most 8st. 12.

The fight took place in the uncertain light of oil lamps on a barge afloat on the Hudson River. Carney won the fight by knocking out his opponent in the eleventh round, the contest lasting 41 minutes 26 seconds.

Tired of waiting for McAuliffe to agree to the match, Carney returned to England, and after a few months made another journey to the United States.

Fresh terms were fixed, and Carney told me that he thought he would be sure of it this time by insisting on a deposit of 5,000 dollars to ensure the appearance of each man in the ring. McAuliffe defaulted, and, said Carney, "when I went to collect the forfeit-money I found that he had posted only 500 dollars."

When at long last McAuliffe agreed to fight he weighed-in a week before the battle.

Another thing the American insisted on was odds to his money. Carney had to lay £500 to £400 for side-stakes.

The fight took place in a barn at Revere, Massachusetts, and Carney declared that he was winning comfortably when, after 74 rounds the betting crowd broke into the ring and the fight had to be stopped and called a draw. Here we must leave that fight, as Carney's remarks on that episode are unprintable!

There was generally trouble for Carney after nearly all his battles. Either the ring was broken in by toughs or he had to fight his opponent and two or three of his rival's supporters at the same time.

When he fought Jimmy Ireland for the championship in 1881 the battle took place on a private estate at Tamworth, and the principals had been driven to the venue in a closed furniture van in the dark hours of an autumn morning—2 a.m., to be precise. For all the secrecy, the police got wind of the affair, and, after winning his championship fight, Carney was arrested.

When charged, he was asked the name of his opponent, and he refused to answer. "Take him back to the cells until he finds his memory!" was all the

satisfaction he had from his attempt at silence.

Next morning the sporting papers had full reports of how Carney won his championship fight, and there was no longer any need for secrecy, but as his opponent died a week after the fight Carney was charged, and later tried for manslaughter. His fighting days were not all beer and skittles by any means.

Carney, however, struck a nice soft patch and was on velvet for a few years after his fighting days were over. He was appointed private instructor to that notorious supporter of Turf and Ring known as The Squire.

As this debauched scion of a millionaire ironmaster was seldom sober enough to receive any lessons in boxing it was money for nothing so far as Carney was concerned.

This grim old fighter had strong opinions on the deterioration of boxing ability in the professional ring, and was particularly scornful when speaking of the heavy-weights. It was his opinion that there had not been a real heavy-weight fight worth mentioning, as such, since Peter Jackson fought Frank Slavin.

He had a good word for Jimmy Wilde, and thought he was undoubtedly the greatest of all the little men, and probably it was with a kind of fellow feeling that what he admired most about Wilde was his readiness to concede weight to all his rivals. The substance of his remarks was that this is really the hall-mark of the great fighter.

He was also a great admirer of Owen Moran, another "little man" with the heart of a lion and two fists that never stopped working until either the opponent was knocked out or the last bell sounded.

As Moran was a fellow-townsmen of his, he would naturally be interested in his welfare, but there was no need for bias in classing him among the first-class fighters. Many good judges in America hold the view to this day that Owen Moran was the best two-handed fighter to go there from England at any time.

Send
Your News
and Ideas
to
"Good
Morning"

TO-DAY, thousands of trains, tractors, lorries, ships, and, above all, submarines, depend upon the Diesel engine for their propulsion.

Yet the man who invented this revolutionary engine got little more out of it than immortality through the engine being named after him, and died dramatically, a virtual bankrupt, in the prime of life. It is just thirty years since the Antwerp-Harwich railway steamer arrived at Harwich with the dramatic news that Rudolph Diesel had disappeared during the night.

In his cabin, his luggage and personal belongings remained, as if he might return at any moment.

On the night before he had dined with friends, and seemed in high spirits. This was understandable, for the purpose of his visit to England was to sign a contract with a British company who would manufacture his most advanced Diesel, and already he had the ear of the Admiralty, who fully understood the importance of his engine to submarines.

Dr. Diesel had vanished without trace from amongst the hundreds of passengers on the steamer.

The shareholders at a London meeting waited for his appearance in vain. Not until twelve days later was the mystery solved—or partly solved.

Dutch sailors recovered from the sea near Escant a body which was identified by papers as that of Rudolph Diesel. How and why he was drowned remains a mystery to this day.

Three theories were advanced. The inventor might

have fallen overboard accidentally during the night, for it was known that he walked upon the Diesel engine for his sleep.

He might have committed suicide, although no motive was suggested, and, indeed, the triumph awaiting him in London and the fact that at last he seemed likely to profit from his invention made suicide seem the last thing he would have contemplated.

THE SUBMARINES CREEP OUT.

The third theory was not seriously advanced until a year later, when German submarines, equipped with Diesel engines of the latest pattern, were creeping out of German ports to prey on British shipping.

Then it was openly suggested that Diesel had been thrown overboard by German agents to prevent the British Admiralty benefiting from his designs. The charge could not be proved, of course, and probably never will be now. But there was good evidence to support it.

Diesel was born in Paris in 1858, spent the period of the Franco-Prussian War as a boy in London, and was then sent to Germany to study engineering. He took out a patent for his Diesel principle in 1892, and published a book the following year, which attracted little notice.

Friedrich Alfred Krupp, head of the famous firm, however, recognised the military importance of the invention, and gave Rudolph facilities for research and acquired patents. Financially he was far too

clever for Diesel; and when the inventor found his engine was to be re-christened "The Krupp," he turned elsewhere.

He offered a very much advanced design to the German Admiralty, then becoming interested in submarines.

Krupp managed to get the matter postponed and delayed, until Diesel, in exasperation, started negotiations in Britain.

The German Admiralty suddenly woke to the danger of a brilliant inventor becoming associated with a naval power who in a short time they would be fighting.

Motive does not make a murder, but murder by German agents is the one theory of the death of Rudolph Diesel that fits the facts.

Alexander Dilke

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But True

Admiral Vernon, who gives his name to many an English pub, wore in bad weather a program cloak made of silk and mohair, and from this his men nicknamed him Old Grog. Grog, a coarse fabric, gets its name from the French "gros grain." It was Vernon who ordered the men's rum ration to be diluted; hence the word grog for rum and water.

"Mediaeval" is a word often used to denote "old times," but it properly refers to the period A.D. 476 to 1492, known as the Middle Ages.

American goodwill to Britain has never been better expressed than by Sergeant Gilbert Bates, of the Massachusetts Regiment, who, after the Civil War, marched from Gretna Green to London carrying the "Stars and Stripes."

A Budding Champ Greet's You A.B. Thomas

MacAllister

THERE'S a punch on the nose awaiting you at 34 Waulkmill Avenue, Barrhead, Glasgow, A.B. Thomas MacAllister. Tommy, your fast-growing son, thinks that next time you get home he will be more than a match for you. He has been practising the boxing tips you used to give him and is bent on revenge!

It was lunch-time when we called at your home; around the table sat your wife, Marion, and Tommy. Jean had to be back at school early, so we missed her, and nine-month-old Daniel was in his mother's lap.

They are all very well at home, Thomas, and longing for the Day.

Marion, with her eight years, is a great help to her mother now. She nurses the baby and takes care of Jean at school. Tommy, of course, likes to play the strong-brother act by fighting his sisters' arguments for them.

Some cheering news of Sandy reaches home this week; it seems he wasn't hurt as badly as it was first reported, and soon he will be back on duty in the Navy.

Your mother and sister are very well, and Willie, in the Army, writes frequently from India.

Dan's pub, down the road, is much as it used to be, and the locals often call to get news of you.

Your wife was hoping to send you a bundle of Western magazines, but finds they are impossible to buy in Glasgow. That's all for now, Thomas, except, of course, to pass on to you loving greetings from your family.



Foul crime, mystery, sordid tragedy

HUGH MERROW drove back to Wilford that night. Gwen decided to come down the next day, by way of Oldford. But if she were unable to get an interview with Argent she would stay on at Oldford till she did. Gwen Darcy was a very determined young woman.

Marrow rang Stephen Pater-noster from his club to say he might not be back before mid-night, had an early meal there, and looked up Argent in the reference books while he ate it.

Marrow was interested to see that the doctor had studied in Paris and held French degrees as well as his English ones. He was only forty-one, married, with two children. He had published several books on alcoholism and obscure nervous diseases, and "Who's Who" recorded his recreations as painting and golf.

A mental reaction set in when he started on the road. His earlier excitement and optimism faded, and a mood of depression had seized him in the latter part of the drive. Things always seemed to lead

to a dead end. Even if Argent told Gwen all she wanted to know, where did it get them? The job was too big; it was a policeman's work.

The old inn was sleeping serenely in the brilliant moonlight when at length he turned into the yard. The whole countryside seemed wrapped in the most profound and lovely peace. He felt a resentment against Janet Warren.

Why in hell had she chosen to come to this pleasant old inn to foul it with a trail of crime and mystery and sordid tragedy?

A light in the office told him that Stephen was still about, and he was glad of it. It would be a relief to have a drink and a chat with the old fellow before he went to bed.

"Hallo, Stephen," he said. "Hope you didn't sit up for me."

"No, sir, no. I've just been clearing up. I hope you enjoyed your little trip to London."

"Yes. I had a busy time, though, and I'm glad to be home again. Join me in a night-cap, Stephen? Any news?"

Marrow himself poured out the drinks while the old fellow said in his unhurried way: "No, sir, nothing special. Mr. Baldock looked in for a glass of sherry about seven, and was sorry not to see you. There's a new visitor in Number Two, gentleman named Pollock, and Mr. Hawes, the constable, called this evening to say it's all right about Jimmy Bailey. He was seen over at Berriford market to-day. He thought you'd like to know."

Marrow was glad to know. At least Bailey was not going to cause any trouble.

They sat quietly chatting of little simple things until the grandfather in the hall struck midnight.

Marrow went up to bed and slept soundly.

Gwen Darcy's night was not so restful. She had Argent very much on her mind. So much depended on how she handled him, on whether he would be sympathetic, or pompous like old Danvers. Restless, impatient and uncertain, she was on the road soon after nine.

When she came to the sprawling outskirts of the little town just before noon, a bicycling postman told her at once where Heathergate was. She followed his direction, turned into a rutted cart track across open, breezy heathland, and stopped again to enquire of a fisherman at which of the two or three bigish bungalows some distance ahead Sir Philip Argent lived.

The man looked hot and sweaty. He was hatless, in blue jersey and old and shapeless grey trousers, and he carried a string of fresh-caught fish in his hand.

He said, "It's the furthestest one, that queer-looking shack with the green-tiled roof, and if you're going there I'd be grateful for a lift. My car's broken down in the town. I'm Argent, by the way."

Gwen's surprised "You're Sir Philip Argent?" brought a smile to his sun-tanned face.

"I suppose I don't look exactly professional," he laughed. "But I am. I've been trawling." He climbed in beside her. "Were you coming to see me or my wife? If it's my wife, she's away for the day."

"I was coming to see you," she said.

"Then you'd be Miss Darcy," he answered quietly.

Gwen all but gasped.

"How on earth did you know?" she exclaimed.

Argent chuckled. "I had a long and rather confused telephone call from a Doctor Danvers last night. He warned me about you."

"Then—but, Sir Philip—did he tell you why I wanted to see you? I mean, he can't have

known that I was coming."

"I'm glad you've discovered that," he said in a matter-of-fact way. "Pretty good, don't you think? Helen did it of me—what?—fourteen years ago, I suppose."

"Helen?" she queried, her mind still on the picture.

"Helen West," he said.

"Didn't you know that was Miss Warren's real name?"

"Why, of course; yes, yes," she said, "and I knew it was her work."

"One couldn't mistake it. The others," he embraced the rest of the pictures with a sweep of the hand, "are very small beer. They're my efforts. You won't want to look at them. Now, come along, Miss Darcy, and let me hear about Helen. If you want me to tell you things you'll have to do some telling first. And I want a glass of sherry. Ever been trawling? We had some quite good hauls this morning, and I hope you're going to stay and eat some of the catch with me."

He had refilled her glass and poured himself out a drink while he was talking, and his matter-of-fact, friendly manner dispelled the last trace of self-consciousness in Gwen.

Argent had become suddenly grave.

"You're not going to bother me, Miss Darcy," he said. "From what Danvers says I am more than anxious to talk to you. You see, I had a very particular interest in Miss—Miss Warren. I hope you will talk to me quite freely about her."

All unconsciously Gwen murmured from her heart, "Thank God."

Heathergate was a big modern bungalow, all roof and windows. It stood on the summit of a gentle rise from the main road, and beyond the land fell away sharply to saltings and mud flats that fringed a wide tidal river.

Argent left her on the verandah of a spacious living-room. He brought a decanter of sherry and a box of cigarettes, and said, "I shall have to leave you to amuse yourself while I go and remove fish scales from myself. As a matter of fact, you've come on a very fortunate day; my wife and family have gone on a picnic, so we shall be undisturbed."

Gwen sat for a time enjoying her sherry and revelling in the view. Presently she turned her eyes to the room itself. The few pictures were gay little landscapes of the neighbouring country. They had merit, and she went inside to inspect them more closely. Then over the chimney-piece another picture drew her attention. It showed a young and bearded man seated on a café terrace, a long

yellow drink in the glass on his table. It was a remarkably clever bit of work.

And there was something familiar about it, too. Then suddenly it came to her. The man—of course he was Argent, looking very young and boyish. He was clean-shaven now, but in that photograph he had worn a beard. And then—she knew why it seemed familiar. It was Janet's work—bolder, less mature than that with which she was familiar, but without doubt from Janet's brush.

Argent came into the room while she was still gazing at the picture.

"I'm glad you've discovered that," he said in a matter-of-fact way. "Pretty good, don't you think? Helen did it of me—what?—fourteen years ago, I suppose."

"Helen?" she queried, her mind still on the picture.

"Helen West," he said.

"Didn't you know that was Miss Warren's real name?"

"Why, of course; yes, yes," she said, "and I knew it was her work."

"One couldn't mistake it. The others," he embraced the rest of the pictures with a sweep of the hand, "are very small beer. They're my efforts. You won't want to look at them. Now, come along, Miss Darcy, and let me hear about Helen. If you want me to tell you things you'll have to do some telling first. And I want a glass of sherry. Ever been trawling? We had some quite good hauls this morning, and I hope you're going to stay and eat some of the catch with me."

He had refilled her glass and poured himself out a drink while he was talking, and his matter-of-fact, friendly manner dispelled the last trace of self-consciousness in Gwen.

Argent had become suddenly grave.

"You're not going to bother me, Miss Darcy," he said. "From what Danvers says I am more than anxious to talk to you. You see, I had a very particular interest in Miss—Miss Warren. I hope you will talk to me quite freely about her."

All unconsciously Gwen murmured from her heart, "Thank God."

Heathergate was a big modern bungalow, all roof and windows. It stood on the summit of a gentle rise from the main road, and beyond the land fell away sharply to saltings and mud flats that fringed a wide tidal river.

Argent left her on the verandah of a spacious living-room. He brought a decanter of sherry and a box of cigarettes, and said, "I shall have to leave you to amuse yourself while I go and remove fish scales from myself. As a matter of fact, you've come on a very fortunate day; my wife and family have gone on a picnic, so we shall be undisturbed."

Gwen sat for a time enjoying her sherry and revelling in the view. Presently she turned her eyes to the room itself. The few pictures were gay little landscapes of the neighbouring country. They had merit, and she went inside to inspect them more closely. Then over the chimney-piece another picture drew her attention. It showed a young and bearded man seated on a café terrace, a long

yellow drink in the glass on his table. It was a remarkably clever bit of work.

And there was something familiar about it, too. Then suddenly it came to her. The man—of course he was Argent, looking very young and boyish. He was clean-shaven now, but in that photograph he had worn a beard. And then—she knew why it seemed familiar. It was Janet's work—bolder, less mature than that with which she was familiar, but without doubt from Janet's brush.

Argent came into the room while she was still gazing at the picture.

"I'm glad you've discovered that," he said in a matter-of-fact way. "Pretty good, don't you think? Helen did it of me—what?—fourteen years ago, I suppose."

"Helen?" she queried, her mind still on the picture.

"Helen West," he said.

"Didn't you know that was Miss Warren's real name?"

"Why, of course; yes, yes," she said, "and I knew it was her work."

"One couldn't mistake it. The others," he embraced the rest of the pictures with a sweep of the hand, "are very small beer. They're my efforts. You won't want to look at them. Now, come along, Miss Darcy, and let me hear about Helen. If you want me to tell you things you'll have to do some telling first. And I want a glass of sherry. Ever been trawling? We had some quite good hauls this morning, and I hope you're going to stay and eat some of the catch with me."

He had refilled her glass and poured himself out a drink while he was talking, and his matter-of-fact, friendly manner dispelled the last trace of self-consciousness in Gwen.

Argent had become suddenly grave.

"You're not going to bother me, Miss Darcy," he said. "From what Danvers says I am more than anxious to talk to you. You see, I had a very particular interest in Miss—Miss Warren. I hope you will talk to me quite freely about her."

QUIZ for today

1. A blesbok is a spider, Russian garment, antelope, African plant, Mexican prayer-book?

2. Who wrote (a) The Tiger, (b) The Hind and the Panther?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Stirling, Oban, Perth, Flodden, Ban-

nockburn, Edinburgh.

4. On what river does Leeds stand?

5. How many men sat on the "dead man's chest"?

6. What name is given to a flock of goldfinches?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Luscious, Rehearsel, Vicarious, Ingenious, Humorous, Unique.

8. Who is Mrs. Jack Hulbert?

9. With what do you associate the date 1820?

10. Who first said, "I know a trick worth two of that"?

11. What are the names of the four Marx Brothers?

12. Complete the names: (a) — of Aragon, (b) — the Silent.

Answers to Quiz in No. 226

- Kind of coral.
- (a) Congreve, (b) Stanley Weyman.
- Negus is a drink; others are cheeses.
- Wensum.
- Heinz ("57 varieties").
- 22.
- Excrescence, Illegible.
- Sarah Churchill.
- (a) Venice, (b) Rome.
- No, it is 1950.
- Oslo.
- (a) Ephesians, (b) Cocker.

"He said she seemed to crave it, but it had no obvious effect. I mean, it didn't make her drunk or anything like that."

"An. Not obvious; it wouldn't be. But she must have been up against something pretty bad. She wasn't a suicidal type; last thing in the world I'd have expected of her. She was a fighter; I have good reason to know that. You think she chuckled her hand in because she was being blackmailed about her past. I'm not so sure that I agree. Helen—I must call her Helen—would have been far more likely to tell the whole truth to her fiancé and take the chance. She was no inexperienced woman. I'm going to speak quite frankly to you. I entirely agree with you that it's no good being mealy-mouthed. I'm going to tell you her story, and I think you'll understand that she wasn't the sort of woman to think she was going to buy immunity from trouble by paying hush-money. She knew life, that sort of life, too well."

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—182

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after NI, to make an old song refrain.
- Rearrange the letters of NO HOT STEW, to make a well-known village in Middlesex, or an instrument for sharpening tools.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: SALT into FISH, TURN into TAIL, MOTH into COAT, DOGS into BONE.
- How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from ARCHBISHOP?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 181

- ENergumEN.
- PETERHEAD.
- HOLLY, FOLLY, FULLY, BULLY, BULLS, BELLS, BELTS, BEETS, BEERS, BEERY, BERRY.
- SIDE, SIRE, WIRE, WARE, MARE, MALE, PALE, PALL, WALL, WALK.
- STONE, STORE, SCORE, SCOPE, SLOPE, SLOPS, SHOPS, CHOPS, CROPS, CROWS.
- JACK, BACK, BASK, MASK, MARK, MARE, CARE, CAME, GAME.
- Time, Mite, Item, Mice, Emit, Cite, Mane, Name, Mean, Pane, Nape, Mile, Male, Lame, Lime, Pelt, Pile, Pine, Pain, Line, Nile, Nail, Lain, Mace, Came, Lace, Leap, etc.
- Cleat, Clean, Pence, Plane, Plain, Piece, Place, Plant, Plait, Plate, Pleat, Leant, Leman, Petal, Maple, etc.

JANE

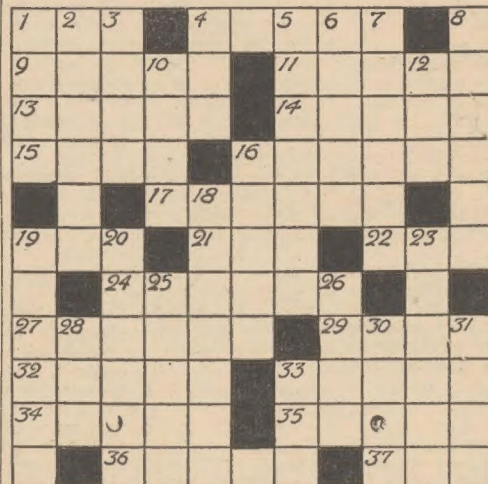


USELESS EUSTACE



"Three nights this week you've come in late, Private Pennywart. Found some place to fritter away your salary?"

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Course circuit.
- Dogs.
- Scent.
- Demonstrate.
- Sing softly.
- Sort of bear.
- Sort of skirt.
- Carrying.
- Obliterated.
- Permit.
- Lengthen.
- Baronet's title.
- Fix amount of.
- Aromatic flavourings.
- In good order.
- Stop.
- Calm.
- Take from another.
- Fruit.
- Tree.
- Exudation.
- Collection.

CLUES DOWN.

- Want.
- Come.
- Puddle.
- Metal container.
- Resists.
- Indicted.
- Stable bodies.
- Business combination.
- Dust particle.
- Vehicle.
- Accepts.
- Is indignant at.
- Indian seaman.
- Clothes maker.
- Cold spike.
- Range.
- Walk.
- Seed vessel.
- Slight blows.
- Encounter.
- Shallow vessel.

SCRAP PARCH
WOE UTOPIA
AVERT NECKS
RELATED TEE
R VEX RUDE
A PERUKES M
CHIN DIG S
TEN DEPARTS
SLIDE PLAIT
LOUNGE FLU
MONEY RATED

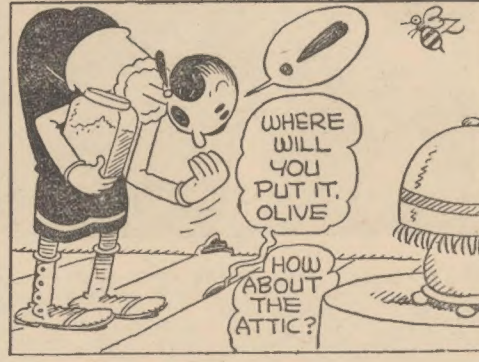
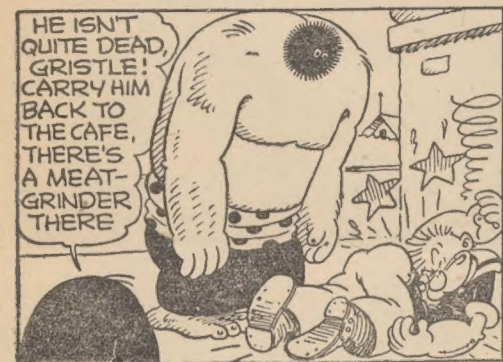
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



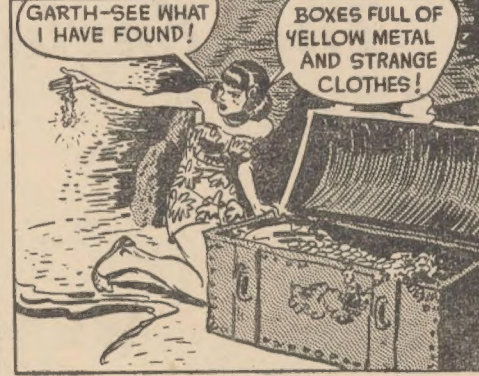
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



News from Nowhere

By ODO DREW

(Still being treated for delirium tremens.)

FAR-SIGHTED, and neglectful of no detail, however small, those responsible for post-war reconstruction have not lost sight of the special needs of the British Empire. How comprehensive their planning has been was brought home to me in a recent conversation with Col. ("Slogger") Millier, the famous boxing promoter and the great-grandfather of "Good Morning's" own W. H. Millier.

You know (the Colonel told me) that I have for many years past been interested in boxing and one of my chief preoccupations has been the seeming impossibility of producing a British Empire heavy-weight who would rank with the world's best. If ever a man suffered I did, to hear the taunts levelled against British "horizontal" champions. For years I have been planning, so far in vain, to find a British champion worthy of the Empire.

Now, when all that is best and mightiest in the Commonwealth is wearing the uniform of one of the Services, we have, I think, our great opportunity.

This, then, is the plan which, in conjunction with reconstruction experts, I have worked out. We are going to run an eliminating competition, in which every Service male will compete; and it will include everyone of the 8,388,608 men who, at a certain date, were in the Armed Forces of the Crown.

Certain adjustments—I may as well forestal obvious criticisms—will take care of discrepancies in age, weight and fitness, and, where necessary, certain contests will be on paper only.

But, as the competition goes on, we shall gradually discard all who are not likely to make a real show in the ring. Of this I need say no more, so to the scheme.

Altogether, 8,388,608 men will compete. The first heat will consist of 4,194,304 contestants; the second of 2,097,152; the third of 1,048,576, and so on. After the twenty-first heat only two men will be left, and the winner of the final will, of this I am confident, beat anybody that any nation can put up against him.

It will be evident that a terrific amount of work will be entailed by a competition on a scale hitherto undreamt of. Already, as a matter of fact, a staff of over 5,000 clerks, under 287 departmental heads, have been working for eight months in the preliminary arrangements.

Very shortly now the Service Chiefs will detail a specially qualified officer in every warship, regiment or air squadron to supervise the final preparations before the actual contests will start.

It is estimated that, allowing for one heat a fortnight, the finalists will be known in well under twelve months; and the final will be fought as soon as possible afterwards. It is hoped to arrange the victory march through Berlin and a few other special shows for the same day.

The world is being divided up into various areas, small at first, but increasing in size automatically as the number of competitors remaining in the contest decreases; so that by the time the final is ready to be fought there will be only one area left—the whole British Empire.

Here, incidentally, I should like to pay tribute to the assistance we have received from those in charge of Allied transport; indeed, without the assistance of most of the United Nations in the matter of priorities in ships and planes, the conveyance of competitors from one part of the globe to another would have been impossible.

I may, perhaps, be allowed to add a few statistics which are not without interest (went on Colonel Millier). It will be seen—and the figures can be checked easily enough by those interested—that the total number of contests in the preliminary 21 heats and the final will be no fewer than 8,388,607.

Now, investigations conducted very nearly gratuitously by experts of Mass Observation, Income Tax Returns, Greyhound Racing, and N.A.S.T.I., show that we may expect an average attendance at each contest of 100 people, allowance being made, of course, for the fact that there will be small attendances in the earlier stages and bigger crowds in the later ones.

It is proposed to make a charge of 3d. per head admission, so that the total sum raised by entrance fees will be 2,516,582,100 pence, or £10,485,758 15s. 0d. That sum, less administrative expenses, which will not amount to more than 50 per cent. of the total receipts, will be invested, and the income, which will obviously depend largely on the existing bank rate and other, happily, at present unknown factors, will be devoted to some charitable purpose to be decided later.

The administration of the total investment and of the income will naturally necessitate a somewhat large permanent staff, of which I have been requested to be the head; but here, again, every effort will be made to keep these costs down to the 50 per cent. level.

That is the scheme in Colonel Millier's own words; and we must all wish him the best of luck in carrying it out.

In the meantime, it remains only to add that the demand for seats at the final is sure to be overwhelming, and sportsmen should lose no time in booking. In order to avoid delay, I would mention that the prices will be 50, 25, 10 and five guineas. Applications should be sent to me. Please make special note of the address: Odo Drew, c/o "Good Morning."

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

INTRIGUING

"Someone can sure 'tell a good tale.'
If only we could think of something
which would hold Paramount star
Barbara Britton so interested—if only."

"Ah! Have a few minutes to spare.
Think I'll have a read. . . Which
SHALL I take?"



"This seems to be pretty good:
I've seen the Guv'nor laughing like
hell at it!"



"Hmm! Can't see much to laugh
OR cry at in this. . . Still, I'll go
through with it — it might improve."



"Absolutely rubbish. . . Wouldn't
even make a cat laugh, let alone an
intelligent dog! Grrrrr!"

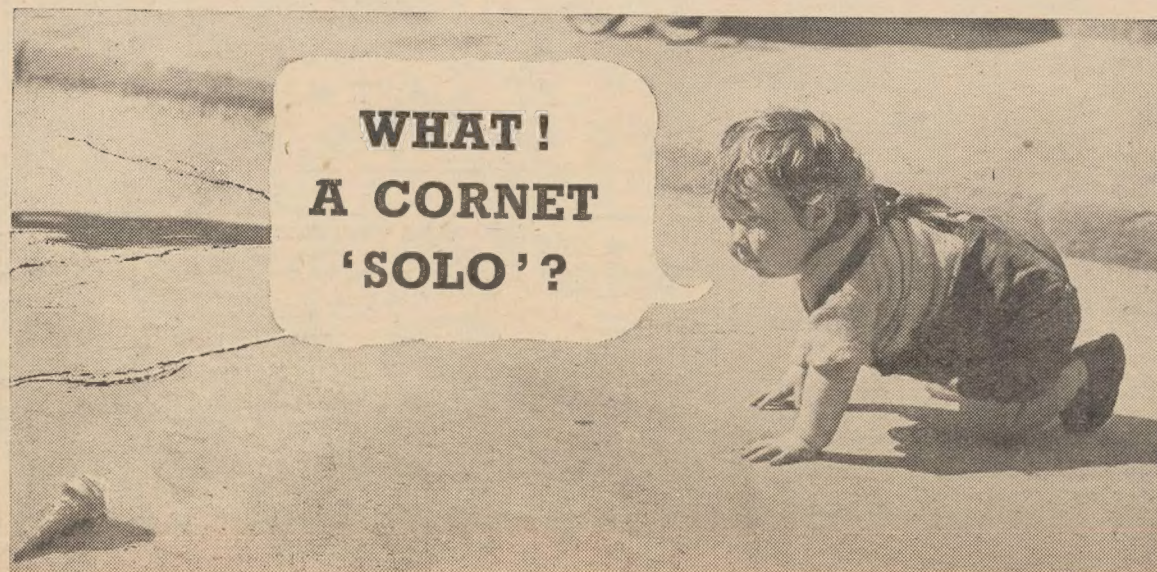


"Oh! what
have I done?
I am a s-
hamed of
my bad tem-
per."



This England

A view of the valleys, from the Cotswold
Hills. The kind of view which seems to say
"home" to most of us.



WHAT!
A CORNET
'SOLO'?

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Something going
to get a 'licking'!"

